By drunken propheſies, libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other,
And if King *Edward* be as true and iuſt
As I am ſubtile, falſe and trecherous:
This day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mew'd vp,
About a Prophetie which ſayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer ſhall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with a Guard of men.*
Heere *Clarence* comes,
Brother, good daies, what meanes this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?
Cla. His Maieſtie tendering my perſons ſafetie hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.
Glo. Vpon what cauſe?
Cla. Becauſe my name is *George*.
Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your good fathers:
O belike his maieſtie hath ſome intent
That you ſhall be new chriſtened in the Tower.
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?
Cla. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I proteſt
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He hearkens after propheſies and dreames,
And from the croſſe-row pluckes the letter G:
And ſayes a wizard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he;
Theſe as I learne, and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Haue moued his Highneſſe to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis ſhe
That tempts him to this extreamitie:
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhip
Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him ſend Lord *Haſtings* to the Tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe *Clarence*, we are not ſafe.

Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no man ſecur'd
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Miſtreſſe *Shoare:*
Heard ye not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord *Haſtings* was to her for his deliuerie?
Glo. Humble complayning to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie,
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her liuerie,
The iealous ore-worne widdow and her ſelfe,
Since that our brother dubd them Gentlewomen,
Are mightie goſſips in this Monarchy.
Bro. I beſeech your graces both to pardon me?
His maieſtie hath ſtraightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree ſoeuer with his brother.
Glo. Euen ſo & pleaſe your worſhip *Brokenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we ſay the King
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire and not iealous,
We ſay that *Shores* wife hath a prettie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:
How ſay you ſir, can you deny all this?
Bro. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue nought to do.
Glo. Naught to do with Miſtreſſe *Shore*, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were beſt he do it ſecretly alone.
Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. Her husband knaue, would ſt thou betray me?
Bro. I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, and withall forbeare
Your conference with the noble Duke.
Cla. We know thy charge *Brokenbury*, and will obey.
Glo. We are the Queenes *Abiects* and muſt obey,
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatſoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* widdow ſiſter,